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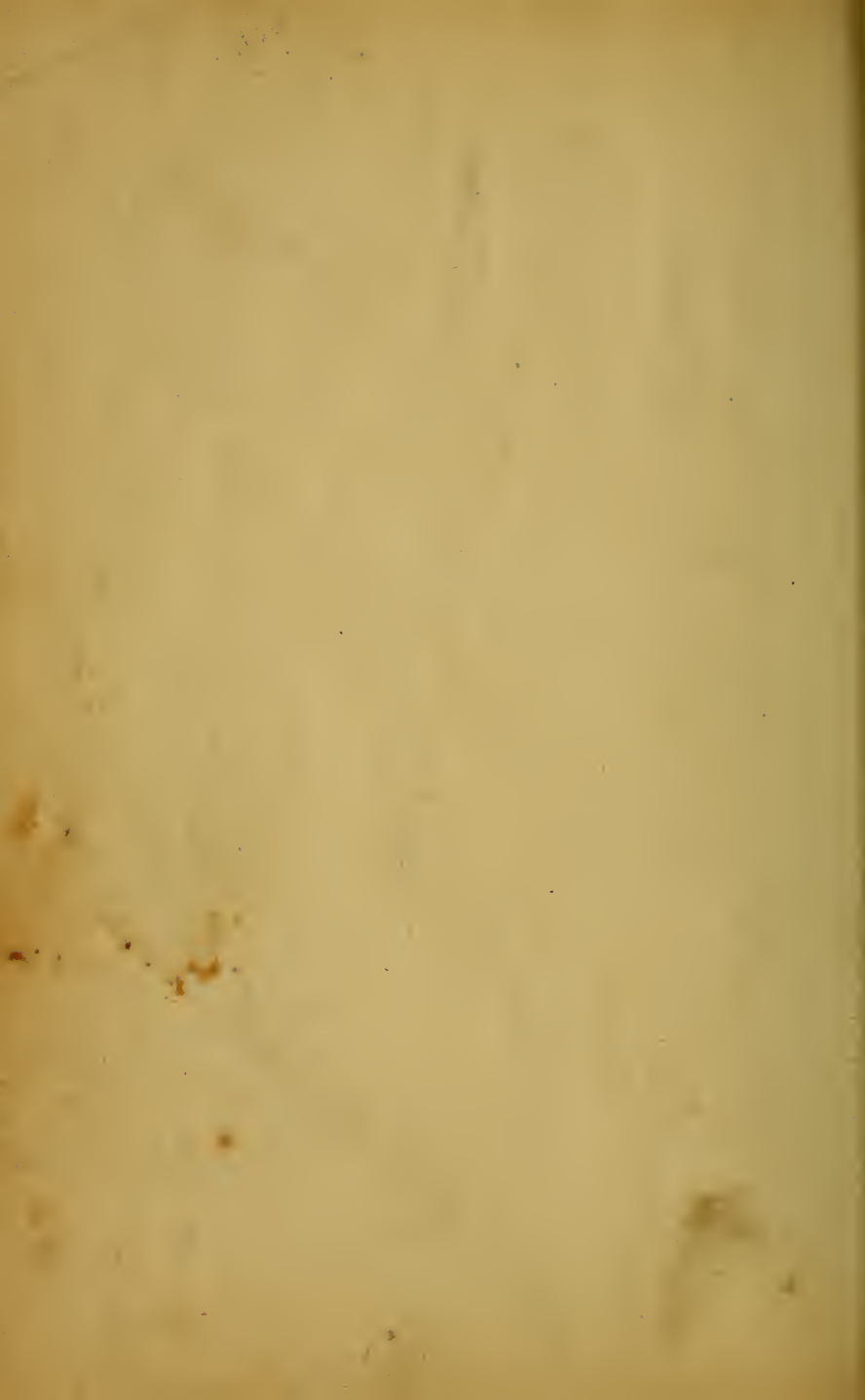












The first part of the paper is devoted to a  
 general survey of the subject, and to a  
 description of the various forms of  
 the disease, and the manner in which  
 it is communicated.

The second part of the paper is devoted to a  
 description of the various forms of  
 the disease, and the manner in which  
 it is communicated.

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 description of the various forms of  
 the disease, and the manner in which  
 it is communicated.

The proud shall pass, forgot; the chill,  
 Damp, trickling Vault their only  
 mourner!

Not so the regal Rose, that still  
 Clung to the Breast which first had  
 worn her!



O THOU, who mark'st the Mourner's path,  
 To sad Jeshurun's Sons attend!  
 Amid the Light'nings of thy Wrath  
 The showers of Consolation send!

Jehovah frowns! the Islands bow!

And Prince and People kiss the Rod!—  
 Their dread chastising Judge wert thou!  
 Be thou their Comforter, O God!



בְּמוֹת רְשָׁעִים, יֵאָבֵד שְׁמֵם:  
 וְאַתָּה צְבִיָּה! תְּהִי חַרוּתָהּ  
 בְּלֵב יִשְׂרָאֵל: וּבְשַׁעְרֵים  
 יִהְלְלוּ תָם מִעֲשִׂיָּהּ.

רְאֵה אֱלֹהֵי! יְגוֹן עַמִּי,  
 וּרְפֹא נָא תַחֲלֵאֶיָּהּ:  
 עֲזֹנָה סִלַּח, מְנַחֵם שְׁלַח,  
 אֱלֹהֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל וּבְנֵיָהּ.

חֲרַנְךָ אֱלֹהֵי! מְאֹד הֶאֱבִיל  
 בְּרִיטְאֵנְיָא וְשָׂרִיָּה.  
 תַּחֲנֹנָה שְׁמַע, וְתֵן יֵשַׁע,  
 לְמַלְכָּהּ, וּלְיִשְׁבֵּיָהּ.

Mourn for Britannia's hopes decay'd,  
 Her Daughters wail their dear Defence,  
 Their fair Example, prostrate lay'd,  
 Chaste LOVE and fervid INNOCENCE.

While Grief in song shall seek repose,  
 We will take up a Mourning yearly:  
 To wail the Blow that crush'd the Rose  
 So dearly priz'd and lov'd so dearly.

Long as the Fount of Song o'erflows,  
 Will I the yearly dirge renew:  
 Mourn for the firstling of the Rose,  
 That snapt the stem on which it grew.

עַלִי צְרוֹת, וְרוֹב מַחֲלֹת  
 בְּרִטְאֲנִיָּא וּבְנוֹתֶיהָ ;  
 אֲשֶׁר אֲבָדָה מִחֲמַדָּה,  
 כְּלִיל יִפְיָהּ, — וְשָׂרֶיהָ. —

אלי וכ"ו

בְּכָל שָׁנָה, נִשָּׂא קִינָה,  
 וּבְלֵב דְּוִי, נִצְעַק הוּי,  
 עַלִי שׁוֹשְׁנָה, אֲשֶׁר נִקְטְפָה  
 בְּטָרָם צֵאת פְּרָחֶיהָ. —

וְאֶהֱיָמָה, יָמִים יְמִימָה,  
 בְּרוּחַ צָר, וּמְסַפֵּד מַר,  
 עַל הַצִּיץ, אֲשֶׁר קָצִיץ,  
 וְשֵׁת מוֹת בְּקַרְבֶּיהָ.

Mourn for the widow'd Lord in chief,  
Who wails and will not solaced be!  
Mourn for the childless Father's grief,  
The wedded Lover's Agony!

Mourn for the Prince, who rose at Morn  
To seek and bless the firstling Bud  
Of his own Rose, and found the Thorn,  
Its point bedew'd with tears of blood.

O press again that murmuring string!  
Again bewail that princely Sire!  
A destin'd Queen, a future King  
He mourns on one funereal pyre.

עֲלֵי הַשָּׂדֶה, אֲשֶׁר שָׂדֶד  
 פָּאָר לְעַפְאֵלָד אֲדֹנֶיהָ!  
 אֲשֶׁר בְּמֶר נִפְשׁוֹ, יִמְאֵן  
 לְהִתְנַחֵם עָלֶיהָ.

אלי וכ"ו

עֲלֵי שָׂבֵר, אֲשֶׁר שָׂבֵר  
 לְבַב נְסִיכָךְ! וְהוֹרִיחַ!  
 בְּחֶטְפוֹ הַחֲבֻצֵלֶת, —  
 וְשֵׁם חוֹת תַּחְתֵּיהָ. —

אלי וכ"ו

חֲבֵי רָגַע! — וְשׁוֹר נָגַע! —  
 אֲשֶׁר פָּשָׂה בְּבֵית אָבִיהָ!  
 לְשִׁמְהָ שָׁם אֶת גִּפְנוֹ, —  
 וְהִשְׁחִית שְׂרִיגֶיהָ. —

אלי וכ"ו

Mourn the bright Rose, that bloom'd and  
 went,

'Ere half disclos'd its vernal hue!

Mourn the green Bud, so rudely rent,  
 It brake the stem on which it grew.

Mourn for the universal Woe

With solemn dirge and fault'ring tongue:

For England's Lady is laid low,

So dear, so lovely, and so young!

The Blossoms on her Tree of Life

Shone with the dews of recent Bliss:

Transplanted in that deadly strife,

She plucks its fruits in Paradise.

עֲלֵי שׁוֹשְׁנָה, אֲשֶׁר נִקְטְפָה

בְּטָרִם צֶאֱת פְּרָחֶיהָ!

וְעַל הַצִּיץ, אֲשֶׁר קָצִיץ,

וְשֶׁת מֹות בְּקִרְבֶּיהָ.

אלי וכ"ו

עֲלֵי עֵלְטָה, אֲשֶׁר עֵטָה

פְּנֵי תֵבֵל וַיִּשְׁבִּיהָ;

בְּמֹות פְּרִינָצֵעַם שְׁאֲרֵלְטָה,

בְּטָרִם מְלֹאת יְמִיהָ.

אלי וכ"ו

עֲלֵי שָׂרָה מְאֻשָּׁרָה,

אֲשֶׁר עֲזָבָה עֶפְרַיִם;

לְהַתְעֵדוֹן, בְּגִן־עֵדֶן;

וּלְאֲכֹל פְּרֵי דְרָכֶיהָ.

אלי וכ"ו

## ISRAEL'S LAMENT.

---

**MOURN**, Israel! Sons of Israel, mourn!

Give utt'rance to the inward throe!

As wails, of her first Love forlorn,

The Virgin clad in robes of woe.

Mourn the young Mother, snatch'd away

From Light and Life's ascending Sun!

Mourn for the Babe, Death's voiceless prey,

Earn'd by long pangs and lost 'ere won.



# קִינַת יִשְׂרוּן

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אֵלֵי יִשְׂרוּן וּבְנֵיהָ!  
כְּמוֹ אִשָּׁה בְּחַבְלֶיהָ;  
וּבְכַתּוּלָהּ, הִגְוַרְת־שֵׁק  
עָלַי בְּעַל נְעוּרֶיהָ.

אלי וכי

עָלַי גְּבִירָה, אֲשֶׁר נִפְטָרָה  
בְּעוֹדָה בְּנְעוּרֶיהָ—  
וַעֲלֵ בֶן רַךְ, אֲשֶׁר נִלְקָח,  
וְהִרְבָּה מִכְּאֵבֶיהָ.

אלי וכי

קינת ישרון .

# A Hebrew Dirge,

*Chaunted in the Great Synagogue,*

ST. JAMES'S PLACE, ALDGATE,

ON THE

Day of the Funeral of her Royal Highness

THE

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

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By HYMAN HURWITZ,

MASTER OF THE HEBREW ACADEMY,

HIGHGATE :

WITH A TRANSLATION IN

ENGLISH VERSE, BY S. T. COLERIDGE, Esq.

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London :

*Printed by H. Barnett, 2, St. James's Place, Aldgate;*

AND SOLD BY T. BOOSEY, 4, OLD BROAD STREET;  
LACKINGTON, ALLEN, AND CO. FINSBURY SQUARE;  
BRIGGS AND BURTON, 156, LEADENHALL STREET; AND  
H. BARNETT, HEBREW BOOKSELLER, 2, ST. JAMES'S  
PLACE, ALDGATE.

1817.

1871

1871

· קינת ישרון

A Hebrew Dirge.

1847  
The first of the year  
I have been thinking  
of the things that  
I have done and  
of the things that  
I have to do.

The first of the year  
I have been thinking  
of the things that  
I have done and  
of the things that  
I have to do.

I have been thinking  
of the things that  
I have done and  
of the things that  
I have to do.

The first of the year  
I have been thinking  
of the things that  
I have done and  
of the things that  
I have to do.

1847

## IV.

This thy own Vine, which thou didst rear,  
 And train up for us from the royal root,  
 Protect, O Lord! and to the Nations near  
 Long let it shelter yield, and fruit.

Thy mercies, Lord, are sweet;  
 And Peace and Mercy meet,  
 Before thy Judgment seat:  
 Lord, hear us! we entreat!

## V.

Lord, comfort thou the royal line:  
 Let Peace and Joy watch round us hand and hand!  
 Our Nobles visit with thy grace divine,  
 And banish sorrow from the land!

Thy mercies, Lord, are sweet;  
 And Peace and Mercy meet,  
 Before thy Judgment seat:  
 Lord, hear us! we entreat!

FINES

מִטֵּעַ נְאֻמָּן • מֵעֵץ רֵעֲנָן •  
 הִצְמַחְתָּ לְמֶלֶךְ עָלֵינוּ •  
 אֵל! שְׁמְרֵהוּ! בְּהוֹד עֲטִירֵהוּ!  
 לְעַד יִמְלֹךְ עָלֵינוּ •

רַחֲמֵיךָ אֵל! בְּעַמּוֹ •  
 חֲסִדֶיךָ וְטוֹבֶיךָ עֲצֻמוֹ •  
 אָנָּה אֵל! שְׁמַע קוֹלֵנוּ  
 וְרַצֵּה אֶת תְּפִלָּתֵנוּ •

שְׁלַח אֲרוּכָה • לְבָנֵי הַמְּלוּכָה •  
 לְאַרְצֵנוּ שְׁלוֹם וּמְנוּחָה •  
 נַחֵם שְׂרִיָּה • וְגַם יוֹשְׁבֵיהָ •  
 וְנָסוּ יַגּוֹן וְאַנְחָה •

רַחֲמֵיךָ אֵל! בְּעַמּוֹ •  
 חֲסִדֶיךָ וְטוֹבֶיךָ עֲצֻמוֹ •  
 אָנָּה אֵל! שְׁמַע קוֹלֵנוּ  
 וְרַצֵּה אֶת תְּפִלָּתֵנוּ •

# HYMN.

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## I.

O thron'd in Heav'n! Sole King of kings,  
 Jehovah! hear thy Children's prayers and sighs!  
 Thou Binder of the broken heart! with wings  
 Of healing on thy people rise!

Thy mercies, Lord, are sweet;  
 And Peace and Mercy meet,  
 Before thy Judgment seat:  
 Lord, hear us! we entreat!

## II.

When angry clouds thy throne surround,  
 E'en from the cloud thou bid'st thy mercy shine:  
 And ere thy righteous vengeance strikes the wound,  
 Thy grace prepares the balm divine!

Thy mercies, Lord, are sweet;  
 And Peace and Mercy meet,  
 Before thy Judgment seat:  
 Lord, hear us! we entreat!

## III.

The Parent tree thy hand did spare—  
 It fell not till the ripen'd fruit was won:  
 Beneath its shade the Scion flourish'd fair,  
 And for the Sire thou gav'st the Son.

Thy mercies, Lord, are sweet;  
 And Peace and Mercy meet,  
 Before thy Judgment seat:  
 Lord, hear us! we entreat!



## תפלה :

אֲרוֹן אֲדוֹנַיִם ! שׁוּבֵן מְרוֹמַיִם !

הַסֵּבֶת תְּפִלַּת בְּנֵיךָ .

רֹפֵא שְׁבוּרֵי לֵב ! וְכֹל מִכֶּאֱב !

רָפֵא נָא חֵלֵי עַמֶּךָ .

רַחֲמֶיךָ אֵל ! נְעִמּוּ .

חֲסִדֶךָ וְטוֹבָה עֲצִמּוּ .

אָנָּה אֵל ! שְׁמַע קוֹלֵנוּ

וְרַצֵּה אֶת תְּפִלַּתֵּנוּ :

גַּם בְּיַסְרֶךָ , אֶת עַבְדֶּיךָ ,

תֵּרְאֵם רַב רַחֲמֶיךָ :

וּבְטָרִם תִּפֶּה , תִּרְוֹפֶה לְמַכָּה

תִּכְיֵן כַּח יָדֶיךָ .

רַחֲמֶיךָ אֵל ! נְעִמּוּ .

חֲסִדֶךָ וְטוֹבָה עֲצִמּוּ .

אָנָּה אֵל ! שְׁמַע קוֹלֵנוּ

וְרַצֵּה אֶת תְּפִלַּתֵּנוּ :

דַּגַּע אֲנַפָּת , עֵץ קִטְפָּת ,

עוֹד הַשְּׂאֲרֵת פְּרִיָהוּ :

אָבִינוּ הַלֵּךְ , וּבְנוּ מֶלֶךְ ,

לְגֵדֶר פְּרֻצַת עֵמָהוּ .

רַחֲמֶיךָ אֵל ! נְעִמּוּ .

חֲסִדֶךָ וְטוֹבָה עֲצִמּוּ .

אָנָּה אֵל ! שְׁמַע קוֹלֵנוּ

וְרַצֵּה אֶת תְּפִלַּתֵּנוּ :

## XVI.

United then let us repair,  
 As round our common Parent's grave ;  
 And pouring out our heart in prayer,  
 Our heav'nly Father's mercy crave.

## XVII.

Until Jehovah from his throne  
 Shall heed his suffering people's fears ;  
 Shall turn to song the Mourner's groan,  
 To smiles of joy the Nation's tears.

## XVIII.

Praise to the Lord ! Loud praises sing !  
 And bless Jehovah's righteous hand !  
 Again he bids a GEORGE, our King,  
 Dispense his blessings to the Land.

י

אֲחֻזֵי יָד נִלְכָּה, וְנִקְרִיבָה  
 דְּמַעוֹת אֲהַבָּה עָלַי קִבֵּר מִלְּפָנָי.  
 שָׁמָּה נִשְׁתַּפֵּךְ כַּמַּיִם לְפָנָי,  
 בַּתְּפִלָּה, בְּצַדִּיקָה, וּבִתְשׁוּבָה.

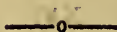
יז

עַד יִשְׁקִיף אֵל מִמְרוֹמֵי עֵרֶץ  
 וַיִּרְאֶה עֲנִינֵנו וְדַאֲבוֹן נַפְשֵׁנוּ:  
 יִשְׁלַח תְּרוּפָה לְכָל מִבּוֹתֵינוּ,  
 וּמַחַת דְּמָעָה מֵעַל הָאָרֶץ.

יח

וַעֲתָה נִבְרַךְ אֶת אֱלֹהֵינוּ  
 אֲשֶׁר רָאָה דַּאֲבוֹן נַפְשֵׁנוּ;  
 וְשָׁלַח מֶלֶךְ צֶדֶק לְרַפְּאוֹנוּ,  
 וְלַמַּחַת דְּמָעָה מֵאֲרָצֵנוּ.

חזן וקהל



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## XII.

But he is gone—the Just! the Good!  
 Nor could a Nation's pray'r delay  
 The heavenly meed; that long had stood  
 His portion in the realms of day.

## XIII.

Beyond the mighty Isle's extent  
 The mightier Nation mourns her Chief:  
 Him Judah's Daughter shall lament,  
 In tears of fervour, love and grief.

## XIV.

Britannia mourns in silent grief;  
 Her heart a prey to inward woe.  
 In vain she strives to find relief,  
 Her pang so great, so great the blow.

## XV.

Britannia! Sister! woe is me!  
 Full fain would I console thy woe.  
 But, ah! how shall I comfort thee,  
 Who need the balm, I would bestow?

יב

וְעַתָּה הִלֵּךְ, עֹזֵב הָאָרֶץ,  
 וְיַעַף כְּמוֹ כְרוּב לַשָּׁמַיִם,  
 לְהִתְהַלֵּךְ בְּגֵן אֱלֹהִים חַיִּים.  
 וּבָנוּ חָרָה אֵל, וַיִּפְרֹץ פְּרֹץ.

נפלה נפלה וכו'

יג

הָאָדָמָה תֵּאָבֵל וְגַם יוֹשְׁבֵיהָ,  
 רַבְתִּי עִם, מִסֶּפֶד מֵר עוֹרֶרֶת:  
 וּבֵת יְהוּדָה תִּבְכֶּה, וְשֶׁק חֲגֻרֶת;  
 אַךְ אֹוִי יִשְׁמַע בְּקִהְלוֹתֶיהָ.

נפלה נפלה וכו'

יד

וּבְרִיטָאָנְיָה, כְּאֶלְמָנָה יוֹשֶׁבֶת,  
 שׁוֹמְמָה, נִאֲלָמַת, בְּיֹרְדֵי קֶבֶר;  
 כִּי גְדוֹל חֲכָאֵב, עֲצוּם וְחֲשָׁבֵר;  
 וְהִיגוֹן עֲצוּר בָּהּ כִּי אִישׁ צָרְבֶת.

נפלה נפלה וכו'

טו

צַר לִי עֲלֶיךָ בְּרִיטָאָנְיָה אַחֲתִי.  
 מִי יִתֵּן וְאַנְחִמְךָ הָאֲמִלְלָה!  
 וְאִיךָ אֲנַחֲמְךָ?—וְאֲנִי חֲלָה  
 כְּמוֹכִי, וְגַם רַבּוֹת אֲנַחֲתִי.

נפלה נפלה וכו'

## VIII.

His word appall'd the sons of pride,  
 Iniquity far wing'd her way ;  
 Deceit and fraud were scatter'd wide,  
 And truth resum'd her sacred sway.

## IX.

He sooth'd the wretched, and the prey  
 From impious tyranny he tore ;  
 He stay'd th' Usurper's iron sway,  
 And bade the Spoiler waste no more.

## X.

Thou too, Jeshurun's Daughter ! thou,  
 Th' oppress'd of nations and the scorn !  
 Didst hail on his benignant brow  
 That safety dawning like the morn.

The scoff of each unfeeling mind,  
 Thy doom was hard, and keen thy grief :  
 Beneath his throne, peace thou didst find,  
 And blest the hand that gave relief.

## XI.

E'en when a fatal cloud o'erspread  
 The moonlight splendour of his sway,  
 Yet still the light remain'd, and shed  
 Mild radiance on the traveller's way.

עֲרִיצִים שָׁמְעוּ— וַיִּחַפְּרוּ ;  
 עֲלָתָה קִפְצָה פָּה, זָרִים סָרוּ ;  
 מִרְמָה וְתוֹךְ כַּמִּץ נִפְזָרוּ .  
 וּבְרִי לֵב אֲזוּר אֲמוּנָה חָגְרוּ :

נפלה נפלה וכו'

תִּקְוָה לְדָךְ הָיָה, עַז לְלֹא-כַח ;  
 לְרוּדְפֵי נְקֵי חָנָם, אָמַר הָרָף ;  
 מִמַּתְלָעוֹת עֵוֶל הַצִּיל הַטָּרֵף ;  
 וְשָׁם אֲרָצוֹ מִפְּלֹט לְנִכְי רוּחַ .

נפלה נפלה וכו'

גַּם בַּת יִשְׂרוּן, שְׁכוּלָה נִדְחָה ;  
 בְּפִי אֲבָזָרִים מִשָּׁל וּשְׁנִינָה .  
 תַּחַת מִמְשַׁלְתּוֹ מִצָּאָה חֲנִינָה ;  
 וַתְּבָרְכֵהוּ בְּלֵב וּבִנְפֶשׁ שְׂמֵחָה .

נפלה נפלה וכו'

לְכֵן עַמִּים אֲהַבּוּהוּ וַיִּחַלּוּ .  
 וְגַם יַעַת נִסָּה אִיד הוֹד הָעֵטְרָה ;  
 לְהַבִּית הָאֲהַבָּה בְּלִבְכֶם בְּעֵרָה ;  
 סָרוּ לְמִשְׁמַעְתּוֹ, קוּוּ וַיִּחַלּוּ .

נפלה נפלה וכו'

## IV.

Our Crown, our heart's Desire is fled !  
 Britannia's glory moults its wing!  
 Let us, with ashes on our head,  
 Raise up a mourning for our King.

## V.

Lo ! of his beams the Day-Star shorn,\*  
 Sad gleams the Moon through cloudy veil !  
 The Stars are dim ! Our Nobles mourn,  
 The Matrons weep, their Children wail.

## VI.

No age records a King so just,  
 His virtues numerous as his days ;  
 The Lord Jehovah was his trust,  
 And truth with mercy ruled his ways.

## VII.

His Love was bounded by no Clime :  
 Each diverse Race, each distant Clan  
 He govern'd by this truth sublime,  
 " God only knows the heart—not man."

---

\* The Author, in the spirit of Hebrew Poetry here represents, the Crown, the Peerage, and the Commonalty, in the figurative expression of the Sun, Moon, and Stars.



ד  
 קהל \* נפלה נפלה! עטרת ראשנו;  
 סרה סרה! חמדת לבנו;  
 לכן שקים נשים במתנינו  
 ונקונן ונבכה על מות מלכנו.

ה  
 חזן השמש בא! חשך אור עינים.  
 בסות קדרות לבשה הירח;  
 בוכים אספו נגהם מזרח.  
 וכל לב דוי, וכל עין מים.

נפלה נפלה וכו'

ו  
 במלכים לא היה פמוהו  
 מושל אדיר, רב חסד, איש תמים.  
 הרבה צדקה, האריך ימים.  
 אהב אלים, באמונה מעשהו.

נפלה נפלה וכו'

ז  
 וירד מים עד ים, בהררי קדם,  
 על עמים רבים, שנים בדתיהם.  
 אשרם דרש, באב מלך עליהם.  
 אמר, אל בוחן לב—לא אדם—

נפלה נפלה וכו'

\* This Stanza is intended for the Congregation, and is to be repeated by them after each succeeding Stanza, as noted in Hebrew.

# DIRGE.

---

## I.

OPPRESS'D, confused with grief and pain,  
And inly shrinking from the blow,  
In vain I seek the dirgeful strain :  
The wonted words refuse to flow.

## II.

A fear in every face I find,  
Each voice is that of one who grieves ;  
And all my Soul, to grief resigned,  
Reflects the sorrow, it receives.

## III.

The Day-Star of our glory sets !  
Our King has breathed his latest breath !  
Each heart its wonted pulse forgets,  
As if it own'd the pow'r of death.

# קול נהי

א

חון נִלְחַץ מִתּוֹנָה, יִגּוֹן וְצָרָה,  
 לְבִי יַחִיל, עֲצֻמוֹתַי רָעְדוּ.  
 מוֹרְשֵׁי נִתְקוּ וַיִּתְפָּרְדּוּ,  
 וְרוּחִי בְּקִרְבִּי תִהְיֶה פִּסְעָרָה.

ב

כִּי קוֹל חוֹלָה, קוֹל זַעַם וְעִבְרָה,  
 קוֹל מִפְּרֵק וּמִשֹּׁבֵר הַלְּבָבוֹת,  
 קוֹל יִלְלָה מִבְּנִים וּמֵאֲבוֹת,  
 שָׁמַעְתִּי, יִרְאֵתִי, וּנְפִשִׁי נִעְבְּרָה.

ג

הַמֶּלֶךְ גְּוַע! הוֹדֵנוּ סָרָה,  
 נִפְלָה נִפְלָה! עֲטַרְתִּי רֵאשִׁינוּ,  
 סָרָה סָרָה! חֲמִדַת לִבֵּנוּ,  
 לִכֵּן הָמוּ מֵעֵי וְרוּחִי נִשְׁבְּרָה.

THE  
TEARS OF A GRATEFUL PEOPLE,  
A HEBREW

# Dirge & Hymn,

*Chaunted in the Great Synagogue, St. James's Place,*

ALDGATE,

ON THE DAY OF THE FUNERAL

OF HIS LATE MOST SACRED MAJESTY

# KING GEORGE III.

OF BLESSED MEMORY.

---

BY HYMAN HURWITZ,

OF HIGHGATE.

---

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE,

BY A FRIEND.

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FOURTH EDITION.

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London:

PRINTED BY H. BARNETT, ST. JAMES'S PLACE, ALDGATE:

Sold by T. BOOSEY and SONS, 4, Old Broad Street; LACKINGTON  
and Co. Finsbury Square; BORTON, 156, Leadenhall Street;  
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